

THE THIRD

O B E,

1508/777

16

Of the Third

BOOK of HORACE,  
IMITATED.

On Occasion of the French fortifying  
*Dunkirk.*

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*Iustum & tenacem Propositi Virum, &c.*

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D U B L I N:

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THE THIRD

O D E, &c.

**T**HE Man, who stedfastly adheres  
To what he once conceives is just,  
Is sway'd by neither Hopes nor Fears  
To violate his Faith or Trust:  
His Virtue, genuine, and unmixt,  
Pure from th' Allay of ev'ry Lust,  
On solid Principles is fixt.

Him not a *Tyrant's* Frown can move  
Fair Truth and Honour to forsake,  
Nor all the Thunders from above  
His Soul on it's firm Basis shake:  
While vain Ambition down is hurl'd,  
He knows not what it is to quake  
Amidst a guilty trembling World.

He, not for popular Applause,  
Midst giddy Crowds no Heats to spread,  
But to maintain his Countrey's Laws,  
Not leading, nor by Factions led,  
Not Feuds, but Freedom to support,  
Lifts unappall'd his honest Head  
Against the Terrours of a Court.

If rais'd to some exalted Sphere,  
 To Heights attain'd to by the Few,  
 He'll make th' inferior World his Care;  
 Still bright, tho' Clouds obstruct our View;  
 Tempests may rage below, their Force  
 Disturbs him not, he'll still pursue  
 One regular, and steady Course.

But if the private Station he  
 Adorns with Glories all his own,  
 Great-minded, independent, free,  
 He dreads, he envies, flatters none;  
 Yet to the State no Aid denies,  
 When foreign Foes insult the Throne,  
 To Arms the gen'rous Patriot flies.

Such Virtues first reform'd the Earth,  
 Such Greece in happier Ages knew,  
 Hence infant States deriv'd their Birth,  
 Then into mighty Empires grew:  
 Such gave to Bards their noblest Theme,  
 For such Fame first her Trumpet blew,  
 When Heroes Kings, or Gods became.

Thus Britain's Genius to the Seats  
 Of that divine Assembly rose,  
 To whom belongs the Care of States:  
 One great in Senates, or of those  
 Who for his Rights in Battle stood;  
 Who dar'd Oppression to oppose,  
 And seal'd her <sup>a</sup> Charter with their Blood;

Or of her Monarchs one, whom Laws  
 Whom arts of Peace and War renown;  
 Whose Sword unsheath'd in Freedom's Cause,  
 Beam'd a new Lustre on his Crown;

<sup>a</sup> *Magna Charta*, in which the Rights and Privileges of the People of England are specified and confirmed.

From





From bold Invaders clear'd the Land,  
Or made some neighbouring Tyrant own  
The weight of his avenging Hand,

Whoe'er he is—the awful Name

'Tis not the Muse's to declare,

But what awake, or in a Dream,

She either heard, or seem'd to hear;

When borne along with vent'rous Flight

She saw th' Angelick Form appear

Upon the *Durovernian* Height :

Upon that celebrated Step,

So fam'd in old poetick Lore ;

Whose Brow commands the Subject deep,

And seems to brave the adverse Shore :

Here he descended, while on high

Wave'd in the Air a Flag he bore,

A Royal Flag of azure Dye.

Thereon, by Art celestial wrought,

A Town and Castles were display'd ;

Before them, Ships, with Engines fraught,

Whose Smoak diffus'd a dreadful Shade :

The stronger Castle seem'd to nod,

The Men above with Looks dismay'd

Kneel'd to their Victor, as a God.

The Chief himself, was close at Hand,

He on the nearest Deck was seen,

In Danger first, as in Command,

Nor less distinguish'd by his Mien ;

A Naval Crown his Temples grace'd

Of radiant Gold, which Ocean's Queen

Upon her dauntless Hero plac'd.

See *Shakespeare's* Description of *Dover Cliff*.

Thought

Thoughtful sometime the Genius stood  
 Deep Counsels lab'ring in his Breast;  
 While, far beneath, the conscious Flood  
 With a still Horror was possess'd;  
 Then to <sup>c</sup> *Augusta* turn'd his Eyes,  
 And smile'd the while——then to the West,  
 Where *British* Streamers fan'd the Skies.

The Ships unmoor'd, each Canvas spread  
 It's Bosom to the wooing Gale,  
 When with a Trumpet's Voice he said:  
 " Go, *Britons*, go, to *Vernon* sail,  
 " For you the glorious *Vernon* waits,  
 " Your Arms united shall prevail,  
 " And bear down *Carthage*'s Gates.

" Assert your Empire o'er the Main,  
 " Lo! *Portobello*'s Victor calls,  
 " The Time is come for humbling *Spain*,  
 " The Time for humbling faithless Gauls;  
 " To them the *British* Strength is known,  
 " While they repair their blasted Walls,  
 " Make ye the Western World your own.

In dreadful Accents from his Mouth  
 As these last Words like Thunder broke,  
 He turn'd indignant to the South,  
 And, pausing for a while, thus spoke:  
 " Are Kings exempt from sacred Ties  
 " Which bind the Crowd? can they revoke  
 " Their Oaths, and mutual Faith despise?

" Shall *Dunkirk*, say perfidious State,  
 " " Devoted *Dunkirk* rise anew?

<sup>c</sup> The City of London

<sup>d</sup> *Ilion, Ilion,*  
*—michi*

*Castæq; damnatum Minervæ  
 Cum populo & duce fraudulento.*

- " Was that a Sacrifice too great  
 " For all the Towns beneath my View,  
 " From his proud Height when tumbling down  
 " For Peace thy Monarch stoop'd to sue,  
 " Nor Arms, but Mercy sav'd his Crown?

Mercy ill-place'd——Where *Lewis* fail'd,  
 Had not, against *Britannia's* Chief,

- Envy, a Foe more dread prevail'd,  
 Yon Tow'rs I'de not behold with Grief——  
 " *Iberia's* Throne had been restor'd,  
 " Poor *Catalan's* had found Relief,  
 " And *George, O Calais,* been thy Lord?

- " Of Christian States the publick Good  
 " No *Gallick* Frauds could now oppose,  
 " Th' important *Belgrade* yet had stood  
 " A Bulwark 'gainst their common Foes :  
 " Rul'd by her native Prince, *Lorrain*  
 " Would have no Cause to vent her Woes,  
 " Nor we to wage a War with *Spain*.

- " But know, mistaken *France*, those Arts,  
 " In which you chiefly have excell'd,  
 " Will not affect, true *English* Hearts  
 " When Justice calls them to the Field ;  
 " Then shall thy *Fleury's* magick Charms,  
 " Which lull deluded *Europe*, yield  
 " To the Superior Force of Arms.

- " The Arms of all her injur'd Pow'rs  
 " Will in the *British* Cause unite,  
 " Again shake your aspiring Tow'rs,  
 " And put your boldest Troops to flight :  
 " He, who once thunder'd thro' your Plains  
 " While *Bourbon's* Race declin'd the Fight,  
 " 'Tis He, who now o'er *Britain* reigns.

e As it formerly belonged to the Crown of *England*.

f Lately betrayed to the *Turks* by the fraudulent Mediation of the *French* Ambassador.

g See the pathetick Remonstrance of the People of *Lorrain* to their Prince, upon relinquishing his Dominions to the *French*.

- “ Thrice if around that hated Town  
“ You should erect a brazen Wall,  
“ Thrice, as a Ransom for your Crown,  
“ It should to Earth inglorious fall:  
“ New Scenes are opening to my Eyes!  
Trembling I see the vanquish'd *Gaul*,  
“ And Triumphs upon Triumphs rise!  
“ But I upon these Terms declare  
“ Such Glories to the *British* Race;  
“ Let in each Breast the publick Care  
“ Prevail; let selfish Contests cease:  
“ Kings let them honour, fear their God:  
“ Let them promote Domestick Peace;  
“ They then may dread no War abroad:

h Ter si resutgat Murus Aeneas

Ter pereat meis

Excisus Argivis

Sub ballicoq; saca Quiridisbus

Hac lege dico



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